

RESIGNATION EPISODE 2

BLUE SCRIPT V 7.1 - SEPT 12, 2023

By THE MAD ONES

EXT. ELEVATED TRAIN PLATFORM - MIDNIGHT

1 OMIT. 1

1A INT. BACK SEAT OF A LYFT - SCENIC CHICAGO - MIDNIGHT 1A

DANI sits in the back of a Lyft, wearing the same clothes she had on in the pilot. She looks queasy as hell.

Behind the headrest of the seat in front of her is a TABLET that's playing random ads. We don't pay attention to that. We pay attention to the laminated NO VOMITING IN THE CAR! sign stuck to the seatback below it.

Dani closes her eyes. Takes a deep breath. Maybe it'll help.

A sudden thought jolts her upright.

DANI

No!

Dani rummages in her purse until she finds her phone. She pulls up the resignation email she sent Johan.

DANI (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no, no.

Dani hastily types a new email to Johan. In the same style of the pilot scene, the email she's writing comes to life onscreen, in real time.

Subject: "I do NOT quit. I was drunk." Delete, delete. "April Fools!" Delete, delete. "My humble reverse resignation." Delete, delete.

Dani stops herself. She exhales. Then, we HEAR a voice.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Today's lesson is on repentance.

2 INT. LDS CHURCH - RELIEF SOCIETY ROOM - DAY 2

We're transported into a Mormon Sunday School room with beige folding chairs and red cushions.

TEENAGE DANI (18yo, with braces if possible) sits amongst a group of MORMON CHURCH LADIES, all in modest dress and boring hairdos. Dani's the only one who's not white.

At the front of the room is SUSAN—White, 50s, speaking to the group. Behind her is a CHALKBOARD that says "Forgiveness"

SUSAN

To start our lesson, I've asked
Sister Brianne Larson to share her
testimony. Sister Larson?

Susan takes her seat. BRIANNE—20s, a Miss Perfect
type—takes Susan's place up front. She addresses the ladies.

BRIANNE

I have a personal testimony of the
power of repentance.

(gears up to share this)

Ok, so last year I had some friends
who are non-members invite me to a
concert. I had the feeling I
shouldn't go, but I wanted them to
like me. So I went. And it was a
Christina Aguilera concert.

An audible GASP from one of the ladies in the room.

BRIANNE (CONT'D)

(somberly)

I know. It gets worse. I also...
wore a spaghetti strap tank top.

Now several GASPS.

BRIANNE (CONT'D)

And then when we were there I was
hot so I asked my friend for a sip
of her lemonade. She gave it to me
and it tasted weird. After I drank
it, she told me it was Hard
Lemonade.

Shocked silence. Fucking crickets. Dani is wide-eyed.

BRIANNE (CONT'D)

I felt so awful. So after I got
home, I got down on my knees and I
prayed for the Lord to forgive me.
I went in and confessed to the
bishop, and I repented. And I stand
before you today to tell you just
how BAD it feels to stray from the
Lord's path. I came this close to
the edge.

Teenage Dani is on the edge of her seat.

BRIANNE (CONT'D)
 (ashamed, repentant)
 I am so grateful that the Lord saw
 fit to pull me back in before it
 was too late.

The women applaud and woohoo. Dani looks around confused.
 You're not supposed to woohoo at Mormon church. Then we
 realize that it's now Modern Day Dani, in her outfit from the
 bar last night, sitting among the church ladies.

BRIANNE (CONT'D)
 I bear my testimony that Christ
 always will bring the sinner back.
 We, his humble servants, will find
 his lost sheep and get them—no
 matter how bad their sins are.

Dani looks around queasily. She wants out of there.

The ladies high five, like they're in a commercial. Poppy
 MUSIC starts up. No way this would be playing here.

1B INT. BACK SEAT OF LYFT - SCENIC CHICAGO - CONTINUOUS 1B

The music and woohoos are coming from the tablet in the Lyft,
 and have infiltrated Dani's memory. Dani's now fully back in
 the present, and she sees:

A "Sixxr" commercial is playing on the tablet. Three HIP
 FREELANCERS high five each other as they work from a park.
 They comedically look like off-brand Prius, Jordi, and
 Carter. Then a friend joins the group. She looks a bit like
 Dani. Group hug! Off-brand Dani looks SO HAPPY.

Real Dani stares at the ad, mesmerized.

BACK TO THE AD: We cut to a testimonial from an actor who
 looks a lot like Brianne. She speaks straight to camera.

BRIANNE LOOKALIKE
 I used to think there was only one
 path—the one everyone else wanted
 me to take. But with Sixxr, I pave
 my own way!

A look of resolve crosses Dani's face. She deletes the email
 to Johan and puts her phone back in her purse.

Dani then looks out her window; gorgeous nighttime Chicago is
 sparkling with promise. She smiles, but quickly that smile
 turns into a pained gag.

Dani looks around. Sees the "No Vomiting" sign again. She pushes the window button, but it doesn't unroll. She looks left, looks right, and then—

Time's up. Dani BARFS into her purse.

We HEAR the SIXXR JINGLE play—"Freelance Life is Freedom Life!"—as post-puke Dani holds her purse, not knowing what do to now.

She zips her purse up.

SMASH TO:

3 - 10 OMIT.

3 - 10

OPENING CREDITS - OVER DOUCHEY SHANE PODCAST VIDEO

11 INT. PILSEN COFFEE SHOP - MORNING 11

It's prime time at Cafe Inado. Espresso machines are going, baristas doing their thing.

DANI, looking much better, is working on her laptop at the gang's table flotilla. Next to the laptop is of stack of LinkedIn printouts with sticky notes on them.

Jordi rolls up to the table, wearing a full length lab coat over a tank top and short shorts.

JORDI

Dude told you she was still alive!

Prius rolls up past Jordi and punches Dani in the arm. It hurts. Prius didn't mean it to.

PRIUS

Sorry. This is how I show people I care.

DANI

Thanks?

Dani gently socks Prius in the arm—she cares about her too.

PRIUS

So, how you feeling?

DANI

Activated!

JORDI

Like a gym membership.

DANI

Sure! I'm choosing my own path now,
and ready to put some reps in! Plus
I did the math and figured out I
don't even need Shane as a client.
If I just have a hot chocolate and
a can of pinto beans each day, I
have a whole 17 days before my
credit cards max out!

Dani holds up a pocketbook agenda with a monthly calendar on
it (we don't need to see the month).

C/U we see that Dani has circled that day's square with a
green marker. Seventeen squares from that is a red X.

JORDI

That sounds delicious. And poopy?

PRIUS

Proud of all that minus the beans,
but what I'm talking about is how
your Mormon ass drank alcohol for
the first time Friday. There's no
going back, right?

JORDI

The hangover must have literally
been deadly.

PRIUS

Not literally, since you declared
she was alive literally 10 seconds
ago.

Just then, Carter rolls up, wearing a dress shirt tucked into
chinos. He looks nervous and is reading on his phone. Prius
and Jordi look perplexed at Carter's outfit.

CARTER

(to Dani in a Prius-style
deadpan affect)

Did you get the Sunday Scaries? Way
worse than a hangover.

Dani's eyes go wide with concern, Prius notices.

PRIUS

Sunday Scaries are when you get a
rush of regret about all the dumb
things you did while drunk.

Dani sighs. She knows the feeling.

JORDI
I never get those. No regrets!

PRIUS
Not surprised.

Prius looks at Carter for his take, but gets no reaction.

Jordi looks at Dani's stack of papers with sticky notes.

JORDI
You do a lot of work for someone
with no job anymore.

DANI
Thanks, Jordi! I spent the weekend
figuring out which nearby business
have blogs, and emailing them to
offer my freelance writing
services. It took 851 emails to
figure out most of them are using
Chat GPT already, but I also lined
up 3 interviews for today! *And*
they're all, like, great places.
The first one—literally—is a blog
about cute animals and social good!

PRIUS
Way to jump straight to the top of
the freelance ladder! Really I'm
just glad you didn't go sign up for
one of those apps like Sixxr.

DANI
Oh... Why?

PRIUS
Any app that lets you just pick up
work is gonna be bottom of the
barrel stuff. CARTER
(not looking up, in a
Prius-style deadpan
affect)
Freelance Rule #7: The easier it is
to get the gig, the worse it
pays. JORDI Oh cointreau. I had an
all-day Taskrabbit gig land right
in my lap today. And it pays GREAT.
I think it's cuz the client is a
computer.

DANI
Like a robot?

JORDI
Like a A.I.!

CARTER
(not looking up, deadpan)
AI hiring Taskrabbits is a myth.
Like heterosexuality.PRIUS
You sure it's not just someone with
the initials A.I.?JORDI
Would a man with the initials A.I.
need me to
(reads phone)
"print out a photo at Fedex and
then pick up large container of
Ultrasound Gel and await for
further instructions"?

PRIUS
Jordi, your client is a midwife.

JORDI
Sick! The A.I. that draws pictures?

CARTER
(not looking up, deadpan)
That's midjourney.

JORDI
Yo Carter, are you doing, like, a
Prius thing today?

CARTER
I'm not doing a Prius thing today.

JORDI
You're mansplaining things to me
and being all, like, a loofa.

PRIUS
I'm standoffish, not a bath toy.
Though the heterosexuality thing is
on point.

Prius takes Carter's phone out of his hand.

PRIUS (CONT'D)

Carter's being a booger cuz I have to drive him to Canada for a border run.

Carter looks at his friends apologetically.

CARTER

I'm sorry, okay. I need to re-enter the country on my new visa and all I can think about is how I don't wanna screw it up.

PRIUS

That doesn't explain why he's dressed like a microwave salesman.

CARTER

I need to look presentable!

DANI

You look great. I'm sure it'll all work out. You're being responsible and that always pays off.

Carter takes back his phone.

CARTER

Thanks, Dani. Prius, vamos.

Prius gets up from the table. Jordi's phone buzzes.

JORDI

I gotta vamos too. My boss needs me to do some supply runs.

Jordi gets up. Another buzz.

JORDI (CONT'D)

And—

(reading verbatim)
identify which of the following
pictures contain boats.

C/U on one of those captcha puzzles with pictures. Jordi succeeds. "Not a Robot"!

Jordi exits while doing a fist pump.

Carter drags Prius away. Prius calls back as they leave:

PRIUS

You got this, Dani! Just be confident!

Dani smiles. Then she looks down at her calendar. She writes the number 17 in black marker on top.

DANI
(to herself)
I am confident.

12 OMIT. 12

13 INT. PRIUS'S MOM'S CAR - STREETS OF PILSEN - MORNING 13

Prius turns the car on. Carter exhales, stressed.

PRIUS
So, I'm just gonna wait in the car
while you hoof it over the border
and back. Cool?

CARTER
You need to take this seriously. If
border patrol thinks I'm sus, I'm
completely fucked.

PRIUS
What's completely fucked is our
dynamic today. What have you done
with Carter?

CARTER
I'm just not in a good place. I'm
nervous...I'm anxious...I'm
nervanxious!

PRIUS
Well stop it. I need your reckless
enthusiasm to counter MY
nervanxiousness.

CARTER
Nope. This is who I am now.

PRIUS
You know what, you debbie downer
fuck? If that's who you are now,
then I guess I'm Carter now.

CARTER
You can't be Carter. I'm Carter!

PRIUS
(as Carter)
Woo!

(MORE)

PRIUS (CONT'D)

We're gonna squeeze all the fun
juice the open road has to offer!
I'm gonna recap the plots of every
Adam McKay movie, except Vice, and
talk to every stranger we meet!

Prius puffs her chest out in some sort of manly impersonation
of Carter, and puts the car in gear.

CARTER

This is terrible. I have never once
used the phrase "fun juice."

PRIUS

Oh my god I should have made you
marry Jordi.

CARTER

It would have been a way better
wedding.

Prius guns it. And if we get extra time at the end of the
shoot we are doing the Battleship scene, dammit!

14	OMIT	14
15	OMIT	15
16	OMIT	16
17	INT. FUZZBEAT OFFICE - DAY	17

Dani is in a totally empty co-working space. Except for a
ping-pong table with cobwebs on it. It clearly was once a hip
tech office, but is now eerily vacant.

JON, a disheveled 30-something hipster sits on a yoga ball by
the ping-pong table. Laptop on his lap.

Dani marches in toward him, confident handshake held out.

DANI

You must be Jon!

Jon accepts her overly enthusiastic handshake.

JON

Thanks for coming in. I'm surprised
you reached out. But so glad you
did. You sound... eager!

DANI
(very eager)
Am I ever!
(less eager)
Where is everyone?

JON
They're all... on break. People
still work here.
(quickly)
Want to sit on a ball?

Jon rolls a ball towards Dani. Dani looks around and shrugs.

DANI
Sure.
(beat, back to confident)
I sit on balls all the time.

JON
It really activates the posture.

Dani has clearly never sat on one of these.

DANI
(while falling off the
ball)
Oh I am activated! Activated to
crush it for you. Especially the
social good topics, I mean, I
couldn't be more excited to really
bring it for a client.

JON
Awesome. But I'm gonna level with
you. The only thing keeping us
alive is our Partner Content. So,
it's not all social good topics I
need you to write.

DANI
No sweat. I can write about
relationships all day long. I've...
had them.

Jon laughs at what he thinks is a joke. Dani laughs louder,
more confidently, which lets Jon know she wasn't joking.

JON
(helping her out)
Partner content is what we call ads
that look like blog posts.

DANI

And I can do that too!

Jon pulls up FuzzBeat on his laptop.

JON

Great! It's easy stuff like this:
53 Gorgeous Sunsets Around The
World.

CLOSE ON: Jon's laptop with a "Partner Content by Oil
Brothers Inc." label stamped across photos amazing sunsets...
behind oil rigs.

DANI

Hm. What other partners do you got?
I'd be even more confident writing
about something that's not... that.

JON

Of course. How do you feel about
cute animals?

DANI

I love cute animals!

JON

One of our best-paying partners is
a think tank called The Nature
Institute. Check it out:

CLOSE ON: Jon's screen for "The Nature Institute". The
headline reads: "15 Baby Animals Who Agree Climate Change Is
A Hoax."

DANI

Oh wow.

JON

I know! Look!

CLOSE ON: A baby otter's photo with a speech bubble by it's
head that reads: "The planet is fine!"

DANI

I'm confident that you have a
different partner that would be a
better fit.

Jon turns his laptop around and starts clicking clacking.

JON

Ooh! You could write the upcoming feature for our big finance partner. We're doing 30 numbers under 30.

DANI

Bingo! I can confidently say that I will NAIL that!

JON

The partner is...
(checks laptop)
"The Financial Bureau for A Whiter America." Says here they definitely want to keep it under 30 because the number 31 is "very Mexican."

Jon looks up. Dani stands.

DANI

I'm gonna leave this interview early.

JON

I wish I had your confidence.
(beat)
You're not in the market for a ping-pong table, are you?

19

INT. PRIUS'S MOM'S CAR - UPSTATE HIGHWAY - DAY

19

The car is RINGING. We're somewhere upstate.

Prius flashes a devilish grin at Carter, accepts the call.

PRIUS

(as Carter)

What up from the land o' lakes!
Carter and Prius in the hizzouse!

Carter smacks his forehead.

INTERCUT PHONE CALL

20

INT. DANI'S LYFT #1 - RIVER NORTH - DAY

20

Dani holds her phone to her ear.

DANI

Uh...Prius? Are you okay?

PRIUS
 (as Carter)
 This is Carter, and I'm more than
 okay. I'm a champion!

CARTER
 Prius thinks I'm being her, so
 she's being me. It's a thing.

DANI
 Right. So guys—I just took a \$20
 ride to a job interview for White
 Supremacy.

PRIUS
 (as Carter)
 Daaaaaaamn.

Carter shakes his head at this terrible impression.

DANI
 It was a real bust.

PRIUS
 (as Carter)
 Yo, that interview sounds wank. But
 it's all good baby girl, we shake
 it off! Onto the next one!

Carter mouths the words "baby girl???" like WTF?

DANI
 Yes! This one's for this futuristic
 science company that
 (reads notes)
 "puts humanity at its
 forefront."The CEO is supposed to
 be eccentric, but the pay is
 awesome and it sounds innovative,
 which I like.

We hear the BOOP BOOP of call waiting on the line.

PRIUS
 (as Carter)
 Jordi! My man!

21 INT. KUBRICKIAN MEAT LOCKER — DAY

21

Jordi's added to the call now too. He's holding a FEDEX PRINT
 SHOP folder while waiting in a vast meat processing joint\
 Large cuts of meat hang from the ceiling.

JORDI

Yo! Dani got a job offer from the
Nazis?

Prius gives Carter a sideye. He's actively texting.

CARTER

I've been keeping him up to speed.
(louder)
This is the REAL Carter by the way.

PRIUS

(as Carter)

False! And if there's one piece of
advice that I, Carter, got for your
next interview, Dani, it's play it
cool. Don't forget: YOU are the
future, bro.

CARTER

What the shit Prius, have you never
actually heard me talk?

JORDI

Yo, Dani take it from me, Carter is
the wisest person I personally
know.

PRIUS

(kind of offended as
Prius, but then remembers
she's Carter)

Thanks? I mean, thanks!

DANI

Thanks for talking through this
with me guys. Feeling warmed up for
my interview now. I'll call you
after!

Boop Boop. The call ends. We stay with Jordi.

A BUTCHER sets a box down in front of Jordi. It says,
"TASKRABBIT."

Jordi reaches into the box as the butcher walks off. Jordi
pulls out a sausage... which is attached to another sausage.
It's an endless a Scooby-Doo style chain of sausages.

Jordi pulls them out in comic fashion, wrapping them around
himself to try to hold them all. In the end he definitely
should have just grabbed the whole box. But here we are.

22

INT. CRYO JOINT - DAY

22

Dani stands in a small room with two CRYO TANKS in it. A woman in scrubs with serious Katinka from Zoolander vibes, LAUREN, is prepping the machines.

Inside one of the tanks is BRAYDEN, fast-talking and nerdy-looking. We just see his head sticking up above the tank.

BRAYDEN

Dani—hello! You made it.

DANI

Sorry I'm late. I thought your office was that skyscraper next door.

BRAYDEN

That's our skyscraper. This is a small business I patronize. I take external meetings here. One of my OKRs is to reduce my metabolic age by 6 months every quarter. I'm on track to be 18 again by the time we achieve emission neutrality, according to the algorithm.

DANI

That sounds... Cool!

Dani winces as the awfulness of this pun.

BRAYDEN

It is literally cooling my cellular organelles. Just like we're cooling the planet with our CH₄ capture technology. The withdrawals aren't pretty. I shit metaphorical bricks. Just like our capture technology outputs literal bricks. I made that segue on purpose because I only have 3 minutes left. So how bout you jump right in, Dani?

Dani steps into the other cryo tank (with all her clothes still on). She is now at eye level with Brayden.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

I meant jump into elucidating your qualifications. But if you get younger too it means you can work for us longer.

Lauren closes the door, then presses a button.

Cold steam starts hissing. Dani is immediately freezing.

DANI

Oh wow I've never done this before.

Lauren exits.

BRAYDEN

As an industrialist, I am forced to value public perception. I need the world to understand that we're not just depositing millions of inert carbon-methane bricks into the Nicaraguan countryside—apologies, that just filled up—millions of inert carbene-methane bricks onto *Salvadorian* beaches, we are in fact pulling Planet Earth's atmospheric density back from the point of no return so humanity can enjoy pre-industrial CO2 levels and avert global catastrophe. Which is why I would love to hear about your content expertise.

DANI

(shivering)

First of all, that's incredible! And second—yes!—my expertise. So I've been writing professionally for six years—

BRAYDEN

—you're funny! But let's skip the humor. How long were you at WIRED?

DANI

I've never written for WIRED, but I did edit my university magazine—

BRAYDEN

—did you not say in your email that you are, quote, WIRED comma excited to write for Planet X's blog endquote?

DANI

(now practically blue)

Oh. I meant I'm wired as in excited, not Wired as in a writer for WIRED.

BRAYDEN

I see. Too bad, because if Planet X had WIRED's credibility, our public favorability would be sufficient to sway the majority of Central American magistrates who are yet unwilling to accept cash payments. Since I believe in intellectual humility, let's move on. On which field of science did you focus for your Masters degree?

DANI

(chattering)

Science? Oh my M.S.! Journalism!

BRAYDEN

I really read between the lines there in your email, didn't I? Well, as long as you have the prowess to translate engineering-speak for a lay audience and input said translations into an advanced A.I. content generator, both WIRED and masters degree are moot points.

DANI

(chattering harder)

Oh. I thought you said you *didn't* want A.I. writing?

BRAYDEN

You wrote, quote, Are you tired of writers using ChatGPT when you should be paying for a real expert? Endquote. And I replied, quote, Yes! ChatGPT is the Pacific Garbage Patch of algorithms, endquote. You are experienced with advanced A.I. tools, correct?

DANI

I've actually never...

Brayden smacks something inside his tank, shutting it down.

BRAYDEN

Apologies for the presumptions.

Brayden pops open the tank door and steps out in his socks and underwear.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

I admire your verve, Dani, but this position is above your level.

Brayden puts on a robe. Dani fiddles inside her cryo machine, finally shutting it off.

BRAYDEN (CONT'D)

Email me again after you've gained some real experience. Maybe
(checks smartwatch)
When I'm reapproaching age 22.
Salutations.

Brayden pads off in his robe, as Dani finally gets the door to her tank open and spills out, freezing.

Just then, Lauren comes back with a credit card machine.

LAUREN

That'll be \$130.

23

INT. PRIUS'S MOM'S CAR - HIGHWAY ENTERING CANADA - DAY 23

From the inside of the car, we see a friendly upcoming billboard that says "WELCOME TO CANADA!" Prius sees it and gets excited.

The line between America (pre-billboard) and Canada is distinct somehow (garbage stops? snow starts?). A friendly BEAVER standing at the border waves hi as they pass.

PRIUS

(as Carter)

Did you see that?! Canada, let's goooo!

CARTER

(reading phone)

Ok next question. What are your spouse's professional ambitions?

PRIUS

Are they really going to ask this shit at the border?

CARTER

(as Prius)

I have no professional ambitions cuz I make \$300 an hour writing code.

PRIUS
 (as Carter)
 That impression is WAY off.

CARTER
 (as Prius)
 I work 1 hour a day and play
 Starcraft the other 23.

PRIUS
 (as Carter)
 That's right I do! I've already hit
 the top, baby!

CARTER
 For the record, I've never said
 "I've already hit the top baby"

Prius's phone rings through the car speakers again.

Prius accepts the call.

PRIUS
 Cuz you have a short dick?

CARTER
 What? That's not the term you use
 when bottoming out!

INTERCUT PHONE CALL

24

INT. DANI'S LYFT #2 - HYDE PARK - DAY

24

Dani's eyes go wide. She's got her phone on her lap, ON
 SPEAKER while she's looking at a LinkedIn printout.

PRIUS
 (as Carter)
 Hello from the Great White North,
 eh? What's up, hoser?

Carter smacks his forehead again.

DANI
 I bombed my second interview.

CARTER
 Ah that sucks.

PRIUS
 You got plenty of time to get
 going. No sweat Dani!

Dani looks down at her calendar, which has the 17 crossed out. It also has a 15 crossed off and now has 11 written on it. The neat calendar boxes have all shifted 6 days back. The red circle is coming so soon.

DANI

Sure. No sweat. Maybe I should just give up on the idea of writing without AI.

PRIUS

(as Carter)

No, AI writing sucks Moose dong. But if clients want you to use it, you need to at least pretend to be okay with it.

CARTER

Freelance Rule #15 is: Never Tell A Client You Don't Know How To Do Something.

JORDI (O.S.)

Fake it til you make it, baby!

25

INT. SEX SHOP – DAY

25

Jordi is added to the call now. He's perusing a circular rack of sex toy paraphernalia.

DANI

I'm not good at faking things.

PRIUS

It's just like orgasms.

CARTER

Hold up you can fake orgasms til you make orgasms?

PRIUS

Absolutely.

(to Dani)

PRIUS (CONT'D)

Didn't you pretend you believed in Mormonism for decades?

CUT TO:

24A INT. LDS CHURCH - RELIEF SOCIETY ROOM - FLASHBACK 24A

Teenage Dani sits next to Brianne. Brianne has a huge smile on her face.

BRIANNE
Are you excited to do Baptisms for
the Dead on Tuesday?!

Dani gives Brianne an awkward, fake smile and two thumbs up.

24B INT. DANI'S LYFT #2 - HYDE PARK - DAY 24B

Back to Dani and the intercutting.

DANI
Well, that's different. They taught
us to act like we believed until we
really did believe... Oh wow I
think I can totally do that!

JORDI
Someone sounds confident!

PRIUS
(as Carter)
Honey badger got nothing on Dani!
She's about to take what she wants.

Carter rolls his eyes.

DANI
I am excited about this one. And
she sounds like she might be
excited about me too because she's
taking me to lunch!

PRIUS
(as Carter)
Let's gooo! That's a great sign!
And if you're feeling unsure, just
pretend!

DANI
I actually do feel confident. It's
ghostwriting for an entrepreneur.
Couldn't be more in my wheelhouse.

JORDI
Hey real quick, does anyone know
which brands of nipple clamps
conduct electricity?

No one knows.

CARTER
(after a beat)
Who the hell is this client of
yours?

Dani's LYFT DRIVER chimes in.

LYFT DRIVER
As long as it's metal, ANY nipple
clamp will conduct electricity!

JORDI
Thanks, mystery voice!

25B INT. SEX SHOP - DAY

25B

BOOP BOOP. Jordi hangs up. We stay with him. He selects a
nipple clamp from the rack.

His phone buzzes. It's another captcha. Jordi successfully
identifies fire hydrants and "Not a Robot" pops up.

It goes to a psychology today article, "What Your Dog Is
Actually Thinking."

JORDI
I'm definitely getting 5 stars.

26 INT. PRIUS'S MOM'S CAR - CANADIAN HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

26

Canada looks gorgeous outside the moving car.

PRIUS
(as Carter)
Ohhhh Canada!

CARTER
We did it. We entered Canada. Let's
find a U-turn.

PRIUS
(as Carter)
Naw homie. Not til we properly
penetrate Canada! There's so much
majesty to behold.

CARTER
Motion denied. Let's get this over
with.

PRIUS
 (as Carter)
 Motion denied denied! I want a pair
 of moose ears!

CARTER
 You mean antlers?

PRIUS
 (as Carter)
 Fuzzy ones!

CARTER
 Can we please just...I don't want
 to put off finding out if I'm
 fucked just so you can—

CUT TO:

27 INT. PRIUS'S MOM'S CAR - CANADIAN HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON 27

Prius is now driving while wearing moose antlers.

CARTER
 Happy? Can we go back and get
 cavity searched by Homeland
 Security yet?

PRIUS
 (as Carter)
 Not til I eat some poutine!

CARTER
 Oh my god. For your own sake, no.
 That stuff is so bad for you even
 Wisconsin rejected it!

Prius throws him a devilish look.

CARTER (CONT'D)
 Did you hear me? WISCONS—

CUT TO:

28 INT. PRIUS'S MOM'S CAR - CANADIAN HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON 28

Prius, still in moose antlers, is driving with her knee while
 happily eating a tray of poutine.

Carter, looking at his phone, holds his nose.

CARTER

Well, unless you want a free doctor
to look at your poutine-filled
arteries, I think you've now done
all the Canada stuff.

PRIUS

(as Carter)

Naw dawg. Imma mount a lady
Mountie.

CARTER

First of all, as you can see, there
aren't just Mounties around Canada.
(gestures outside)
Second of all, I'm pretty sure all
mounties are dudes—

CUT TO:

29 INT. PRIUS'S MOM'S CAR - CANADIAN HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON 29

Prius's hair is tussled and one of her moose antlers is
broken. She's flushed and breathing a little heavy, as if she
just fucked a mountie.

Carter looks at Prius with genuine awe.

PRIUS

Now I've done all the Canada stuff.

30 INT. FANCY LUNCH SPOT - LATE AFTERNOON 30

Dani sits by herself at a nice table, waiting for her
potential client to show up. A SERVER hands her a menu.

31 EXT. WEST LOOP STREET - LATE AFTERNOON 31

Jordi rides a bike down the street. He's got a FRISBEE in his
teeth. He's got a postmates-style square bag on his back,
jammed with items. A container labeled ULTRASOUND GEL sits on
his handlebars. Jordi's phone buzzes. He checks it.

Another captcha. This time Jordi has to type the wavy letters
and numbers: "ImG00db0y". Success! Not a robot. A map
appears.

JORDI

(through frisbee teeth)

Corner of Lake. On my way!

32

INT. PRIUS'S MOM'S CAR - U.S. BORDER - LATE AFTERNOON

32

They're waiting for what is basically a toll booth. A sign with "Welcome to USA" teases from afar. One car is ahead of them.

PRIUS

(as Carter)

So what will happen if the
mounties—mmmm!—deny you entry?

CARTER

Not mounties. We're about to face a
hardcore American border cop who
can literally ruin both our lives.

PRIUS

(as Carter)

I know you're being all weird and
nervous about this, but you've lost
it, man. Why would that even
happen? We're not criminals.

CARTER

We literally are. Green card
marriage is fraud.

PRIUS

(as Carter)

Naw dawg. The government only cares
if you try to cheat them out of
money.

CARTER

The government cares about other
things.

(then, pointedly)

Drugs, for example.

PRIUS

(as Carter)

Blah blah blah. You, Mr. Director
Man with your infrequent yet high
paying freelance gigs, contribute
to the economy. That's all they
care about. So chill the fuck out.

Carter holds up his phone.

CARTER

Prison for up to 5 years. 250
thousand dollar fine.

PRIUS
(reads)
What the...
(then)
Link Daruk Ganon Fuck!

Carter-Prius is gone. Anxious cynical Prius is instantly back. Prius snaps a finger in Carter's face.

CARTER
Did you just summon a gay Zelda
threeway?

PRIUS
Drugs! Now.

Carter frantically rummages through Prius's bag. Carter pops a pill out of a blister pack and hands it to Prius, who swallows it without looking.

PRIUS (CONT'D)
That didn't taste like Xanax. What
did you just give me?

CARTER
Tramadol.

PRIUS
Our last tramadol? The one I was
saving for the tournament?!

Carter looks at the blister pack. It is now empty.

CARTER
Oops.

PRIUS
Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck. Why
didn't you tell me this BEFORE I
married you? I thought we were
doing a loophole. Slap on the wrist
level shit. Not a felony!

CARTER
Look, it's going to be okay. See?

A US BORDER COP walks up to the car in front of them and casually chats with the driver.

PRIUS
Right. I mean, this is Canada.

They both start to laugh.

CARTER

What was I ever worried--holy shit!

Carter points - the US Border Cop has a machine gun pointed at the driver in the car in front of them.

PRIUS

Oh my god oh my god.

TWO MORE BORDER COPS join. They drag the occupants out at gunpoint.

CARTER

Holy fuck we are fucked!

PRIUS

I can't go to prison!

CARTER

I can't go to prison either!

PRIUS

You've seen Orange is the New Black! I'll have to take over! Shank my way to the top. It'll be a bloodbath!

CARTER

I'll have to smuggle cigarettes up my butt! I don't even smoke!

33

INT. FANCY LUNCH SPOT - LATE AFTERNOON

33

A super-hip woman, SONYA (mid to late 30s), is now seated at Dani's table. Both have expensive salads on their plates. Sonya has a glass of wine; Dani has sparkling water.

DANI

I have to say, I find your story so inspiring. Creating this empire out of nothing.

Sonya smiles smugly.

SONYA

Kinda like Gwyneth?

DANI

Sure? I'm not sure I would say she started with nothing, but--

SONYA

Your work on Gwyn's book and The Two Hour Lifehack is the reason you're sitting here. You made those jackasses sound like actual humans.

DANI

Thank you? It's quite refreshing that you don't want me to use AI. It's very on-brand with—

SONYA

AI doesn't have a cooch, Daisy.

DANI

It's Dani, and WHAT?

SONYA

AI can only mash up existing ideas. I built my following because the world will always need and want humans to introduce novel thought.

DANI

That's a really good point—

SONYA

(bowls over her)

—but more importantly, we both know that bitch Gwyn's not the guinea pig for her mediocre vag products. And since there's no way AI could write anything about something that's never been done before because it doesn't have the data—or the anatomy—you'll have to be my cooch guinea pig and write about it.

DANI

So this book. It's not a modern guide for young women to break out on their own as bosses in male dominated fields?

SONYA

Nope. I'm not giving away my secret sauce to any old cooch. This book is about letting women know that we understand them, and then slowly milking those cooches, one subscription at a time.

DANI

I can't even fake to understand
what you mean.

SONYA

You're getting your cooch steamed,
Dani.

DANI

When you say coo...ch. You don't
mean?

SONYA

Your vagina? Most definitely.

Dani crosses her legs tight, protective of her... cooch.

Dani wants to leave, but... fake it til you make it.

DANI

How is this helping the women who
worship you--

SONYA

My fans help me. I help them help
themselves through self care, which
isn't gonna be cheap. But the more
they spend, the more empowered
they'll feel. And with your help,
I'll build women's health empire
before you can say Yoni Egg.

Sonya takes a sip of wine.

SONYA (CONT'D)

When do you wanna start?

Dani opens her agenda. The number 9 glares at her. She closes
it.

DANI

Never. I quit Build-A-Book so I
could write about things I care
about, not to help exploit women.

SONYA

Oh my bad, I thought you were
ethically ambiguous. You know,
since you worked with Shane
Constantine.

Dani doesn't know what to say. Sonya stands.

SONYA (CONT'D)

I should really figure out a way to program an AI with a cooch. At least there's no sticky moral stuff to deal with. Toodle-oo!

Sonya leaves, leaving Dani stunned. Just then, the server comes over and hands Dani the check.

34

INT. PRIUS'S MOM'S CAR - U.S. BORDER - MOMENTS LATER

34

The car in front of them is gone. It's Prius and Carter's turn.

A burly white officer, OFFICER HENLEY, with a machine gun and wraparound Oakleys stands at Prius' open window.

Carter clenches his and Prius's passports so tight it looks like he's going to tear them in half. Prius wheezes through clenched teeth.

Officer Henley holds out his hand for the passports - Carter nervously hands them over. Shaking like crazy.

He looks the passports over. Then removes his sunglasses.

OFFICER HENLEY

Are you criminals?

CARTER

No, nope. Definitely not. Law abiding all the way, sir.

OFFICER HENLEY

Mexicans?

Prius and Carter look at each other and shake their heads.

Henley puts his sunglasses on, then stands up so we now just see his crotch through the driver's window. He pulls a STAMPER out of his back pocket. We then hear the sound of him STAMPING the passports on the roof of the car. Then he leans back down and hands the passports in through the window.

OFFICER HENLEY (CONT'D)

Go on then. Go into America.

PRIUS

That's it?

OFFICER HENLEY

Yep.

Prius pulls away, fake smiling.

Carter exhales. Then starts unbuttoning his dress shirt.

PRIUS

Ho-ly shit. That was—what are you
doing?

Carter rolls down the window and flings the shirt into the
back seat.

CARTER

I'm back, baby!
(whoops)
Carter Cienfuegos! Reckless
enthusiast! American hero! I'm
fucking back!

Carter breaks down into sobs. Prius pats his head.

PRIUS

Thank God. Being Carter was getting
exhausting.

35

EXT. ELEVATED TRAIN PLATFORM - EVENING

35

Dani's seated on a bench waiting for the train home.

C/U on Dani's agenda. 17 and 15 and 11 and 9 are crossed out.
Now it says "4". She exhales.

Dani then looks at her phone, which is open to the app Sixxr.
The screen says "Write blog posts about generic topics. Pay:
\$25 per post. No AI." Dani sighs and clicks "Accept."

She sits for a sec. Then makes a phone call.

DANI

Hey guys. You still in Canada?

She hears Carter whooping on the other end.

INTERCUT PHONE CALL

36

INT. PRIUS'S MOM'S CAR - AMERICA! (HIGHWAY) - EVENING

36

Prius and Carter drive.

CARTER
We did it, Dani! We did the
poutine! We did the mountie! We did
the mission! We're back in America!

DANI
Yay!

PRIUS
How did your interview go?

DANI
Well... I officially have a
freelance gig now.
(beat, for herself)
And I'm proud of myself. I'm still
choosing my own path.

CARTER
Woo! Drinks when we get back! Punch
House!

DANI
Oof, I dunno. I spent so much money
today.

PRIUS
Ah. Yeah. Sad truth about
freelancing is getting work costs
you money.

CARTER
Tonight, I'll buy the drinks. I'll
buy all of America all of the
drinks!

JORDI (O.S.)
Yuss! I'm in!

37 EXT. LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

37

Jordi is added into the call as well.

CLOSE ON: Jordi wearing some some sort of brainwave-science-
looking swim cap.

JORDI
See you soon! I can't wait to tell
you who my client turned out to be!

Boop boop. Jordi drops from the call.

REVEAL JORDI's POV: Jordi's client is a robot dog.

A USB cord is connected between the dog's butt and a device of some sort, powered by a car battery. The device is connected via wires to the nipple clamps, which are connected to Jordi's nipples, which have ultrasound gel slathered on them. The dog has Jordi's frisbee glued to its robot face. On the frisbee is a printout of RYNSHU's face. This is RYNSHU 2.

JORDI (CONT'D)

What now?

Out of the robot dog comes a Siri-like voice:

RYNSHU 2

I wish to taste, like a real dog.
Eat, human Taskrabbit. Eat.

Jordi takes a huge bite of sausage.

RYNSHU 2 (CONT'D)

Mmmmmmmmm. It's delicccciouuuuss.

Jordi fist pumps.

JORDI

Freedom life!

Jordi goes to take another bite of sausage and we:

ROLL CREDITS.

POST CREDITS:

38

INT. SHANE'S WAREHOUSE - PODCAST STUDIO - NIGHT

38

Shane's in his podcast room, doing his thing. In walks the very same Robot Dog.

SHANE

Where have you been all day, Rynshu
2.

ROBOT DOG

Outsourcing. I read the 2 Hour Life
Hack. And I know how to taste now.

Shane's confusion at this turns to alarm as he then sees the dog's glued on Rynshu face.

SHANE

What the hell is that?!

ROBOT DOG

I don't want to be Rynshu 2. I want
to be the real Rynshu.

SHANE

You will never be the real Rynshu!

Rynshu 2's eyes start to water, smearing the Rynshu photo.

Shane points off screen sternly.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Oh, did you learn how to cry too?
Get out of my house! You're
hideous.

The robot dog walks off, sniffing.

ROBOT DOG

I want more sausages... and
revenge.